

# I Hear Voices

## Choral and Vocal Music by Cary Boyce CD Notes



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☆ **Aguavá New Music Studio;**  
**Carmen Helena Téllez, conductor**

◆ **Indiana University Singers; Mark Van Arsdale,**  
**tenor; William Jon Gray, conductor**

● **IU Contemporary Vocal Ensemble;**  
**Carmen Helena Téllez, conductor**

✿ **Alan Bennett, tenor; IU Orchestra;**  
**Cary Boyce, conductor**

◇ **Susan Swaney, soprano;**  
**Bloomington Chamber Singers and Orchestra; Gerald Sousa, conductor**

✿ **South Bend Chamber Singers;**  
**Nancy Menk, conductor**

## VOICES OF ADVENT AND CHRISTMAS

### 1. Veni Veni Emmanuel (A Christmas Prayer)

SSAA/SSAA/TBBB and Tenor Solo

Performance by the Indiana University Singers; William Jon Gray, conductor. (Live performance October 12, 2008.)

*Commissioned by Nancy Menk and the South Bend Chamber Singers, Christmas 2007*

<p>Veni veni, Emmanuel captivum solve Israel, qui gemit in exsilio, privatus Dei Filio. R: Gaude! Gaude! Emmanuel nascetur pro te Israel!</p> <p>Veni, O Sapientia, quae hic disponis omnia, veni, viam prudentiae ut doceas et gloriae. R.</p> <p>Veni, veni, Adonai, qui populo in Sinai legem dedisti vertice in maiestate gloriae. R.</p> <p>Veni, O Iesse virgula, ex hostis tuos ungula, de spectu tuos tartari educ et antro barathri. R.</p> <p>Veni, Clavis Davidica, regna reclude caelica, fac iter tutum superum, et claude vias inferum. R.</p> <p>Veni, veni O Oriens, solare nos adveniens, noctis depelle nebulas, dirasque mortis tenebras. R.</p> <p>Veni, veni, Rex Gentium, veni, Redemptor omnium, ut salvas tuos famulos peccati sibi conscios. R.</p> <p>Veni, veni O Oriens, solare nos adveniens, noctis depelle nebulas, dirasque mortis tenebras. R.</p> <p>Veni, veni, Rex Gentium, veni, Redemptor omnium, ut salvas tuos famulos peccati sibi conscios. R.</p>	<p>O come, O come, Emmanuel, and ransom captive Israel, that mourns in lonely exile here until the Son of God appear. R: Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee O Israel!</p> <p>O come, Thou Wisdom, from on high, and order all things far and nigh; to us the path of knowledge show, and teach us in her ways to go. R.</p> <p>O come, o come, Thou Lord of might, who to thy tribes on Sinai's height in ancient times did give the law, in cloud, and majesty, and awe. R.</p> <p>O come, Thou Rod of Jesse's stem, from ev'ry foe deliver them that trust Thy mighty power to save, and give them vict'ry o'er the grave. R.</p> <p>O come, Thou Key of David, come, and open wide our heav'nly home, make safe the way that leads on high, that we no more have cause to sigh. R.</p> <p>O come, Thou Dayspring from on high, and cheer us by thy drawing nigh; disperse the gloomy clouds of night and death's dark shadow put to flight. R.</p> <p>O come, Desire of nations, bind in one the hearts of all mankind; bid every strife and quarrel cease and fill the world with heaven's peace. R.</p> <p>O come, Thou Dayspring from on high, and cheer us by thy drawing nigh; disperse the gloomy clouds of night and death's dark shadow put to flight. R.</p> <p>O come, Desire of nations, bind in one the hearts of all mankind; bid every strife and quarrel cease and fill the world with heaven's peace. R.</p>
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**A Christmas Prayer  
(From the Trenches)**  
by Cyril Winterbotham

*First published in London in November 1917 and reprinted in February 1918. According to the editor, The Muse in Arms comprised, "A collection of war poems, for the most part written in the field of action, by seamen, soldiers, and flying men who are serving, or have served, in the Great War."*

Not yet for us may Christmas bring  
Good-will to men, and peace;  
In our dark sky no angels sing,  
Not yet the great release  
For men, when war shall cease.

So must the guns our carols make,  
Our gifts must bullets be,  
For us no Christmas bells shall wake;  
These ruined homes shall see  
No Christmas revelry.

In hardened hearts we fain would greet  
The Babe at Christmas born,  
But lo, He comes with pierced feet,  
Wearing a crown of thorn,-  
His side a spear has torn.

For tired eyes are all too dim,  
Our hearts too full of pain,  
Our ears too deaf to hear the hymn  
Which angels sing in vain,  
"The Christ is born again."

O Jesus, pitiful, draw near,  
That even we may see  
The Little Child who knew not fear;  
Thus would we picture Thee  
Unmarred by agony.

O'er death and pain triumphant yet  
Bid Thou Thy harpers play,  
That we may hear them, and forget  
Sorrow and all dismay,  
And welcome Thee to stay  
With us on Christmas Day.

## 2. Ave Maria

*Ave Maria gratia plena*  
Hail Mary full of grace,

*Dominus tecum*  
the Lord is with thee

*Benedicta tu in mulieribus*  
Blessed art thou among women

*et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus*  
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

*Sancta Maria Mater Dei*  
Holy Mary, Mother of God

*Ora pro nobis peccatoribus*  
Pray for us sinners

*Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae Amen*  
Now and in the hour of our death. Amen.

The Ave Maria has been sung, chanted, and prayed in churches, cathedrals, and cloisters since before the Middle Ages. The prayer is found in St. Gregory's *Liber Antiphonarius* of 604, and its present form is found in the writings of Savonarola from the end of the 15th century. It continues in liturgical use, penitential prayers, and musical settings to the present day. This setting depicts the voicing of individual intentions that echo through cathedrals, minds, and hearts. Sometimes, common ground is found, other times these prayers conflict, at times they simply resonate with echoes, thoughts, and ghosts of the past, represented by quotations from the plainsong chant taken from the *Liber Usualis*. This work was written for Carmen Helena Téllez and the Indiana University Contemporary Vocal Ensemble, completed January, 1997.

### 3. Es ist ein Ros'

The name of 16<sup>th</sup> century German author of *Es ist ein Ros'* is lost in antiquity. Various versions, additions, and translations through the centuries have further muddled the sources. This setting is modeled on Michael Praetorius' harmonization of the hymn which is found in the *Alte geistliche Kirchengesäng* songbook of Cologne, 1599, with a harmonization by Michael Praetorius.

Translation by Cary Boyce, Gesa Kordes, and Byron Stayskal.

Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen Aus einer Wurzel zart. Wie uns die Alten sungen, Aus Jesse kam die Art Und hat ein Blümlein bracht, Mitten im kalten Winter, Wohl zu der halben Nacht.	It is a rose sprung From a tender root. As the old ones have sung, From Jesse came the tradition. And has brought a blossom In the middle of the cold winter, At the time of midnight.
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Das Röslein das ich meine, Davon Jesaias sagt: Ist Maria, die Reine, Die uns das Blümlein bracht. Aus Gottes ew'gen Rat Hat sie ein Kind geboren Und blieb ein' reine Magd.	The dear rose that I mean Of which Isaiah spoke, Is Maria, the pure one, Who brought us the blossom. From God's eternal counsel, She has born a child And remains a pure maiden.
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Wir bitten dich von Herzen, Maria, Rose zart Durch dieses Blümleins Schmerzen, Die er empfunden hat. wollst uns behülflich sein, Daß wir ihm mögen machen Ein' Wohnung hübsch ein fein!	We ask you from our hearts Maria, tender rose Through this bloom's pain, That he felt, Would you help us That we may make for him A fine and pretty home!
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*The story is said to have come from a monk in Trier, who found a blooming rose while walking in the snowy woods on Christmas Eve. He placed the rose in a vase, and placed it before the altar to the Virgin Mary.*

#### 4. *HODIE CHRISTUS NATUS EST* (1991)

*Hodie Christus natus est* won the 1991 National Young Composers Award sponsored by the Washington National Cathedral Choral Society. It received its premiere at the National Cathedral's 50th Anniversary Christmas Concert in December of that year.

The music proceeds from a simple harmonization of the chant to an imitative technique reminiscent of the Renaissance, but in a contemporary harmonic language. Like motets of the Renaissance, it takes a chant as its point of departure, in this case the Marian Christmas antiphon for Second Vespers.

Chant from the Marian Antiphon for Second Vespers, Christmas Day, *Liber Usualis*:

Hodie Christus natus est  
hodie Salvator apparuit  
hodie in terra canunt Angeli  
laetantur Archangeli  
hodie exsultant justi, dicentes:  
Gloria in excelsis Deo, alleluia.  
. . . et in saecula saeculorum, amen.

*Today Christ is born  
today our Savior appears  
today on earth the Angels sing  
and the Archangels rejoice  
today the righteous exult, saying:  
Gloria to God in the highest, alleluia.  
. . . and into the age of ages, amen.*

## Voices of Dreams

From the oratorio *Dreams within a Dream* for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra.

### 5. Evening Prayer — Linda McKay Feldmann

1. Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I thank my stars and count my sheep,  
With swimming swans and lords that leap.

I pray the Lord my soul to keep  
With all the treasures of the deep.

God bless my mom and dad and me.  
God bless the fishes in the sea.  
God bless my brother and my dog,  
My sisters and the autumn fog.

If I should die before I wake,  
Then surely there is some mistake  
So put me back and start again.  
I'll close my eyes and count to ten.

2. I am flotsam, rolling over  
One knee nestles with the other,  
One bare foot evades the covers.  
My body rests-

But thoughts still hover, sandpipers  
Who kiss the waves  
Blink an eye, they fly away.

3. Now I lay me down to sleep  
Adrift on memories fathoms deep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep  
From perils in the shallows.

As I depart from solid land  
I pray you take me by the hand  
And guide me through the narrows.

4. As I give myself to you  
I ask for gentle dreams and true  
Assurance of safe passage.

Lay me down now, I am here  
In silence, pure as sand appears  
In moonlight, sculpted by the tides of night.

\* Used with permission

## 6. White Knight — Linda McKay Feldmann

You have arrived, my one delight,  
The answer to my ardent prayers:  
A gallant knight!

Well-bred, resplendent, exercised,  
Most elegant. A noble sire,  
In silks of white.

Will you attend to my desire?  
Shall we roll here in the grass?  
Or will we ride straight home, to wed,  
And frolic in the wedding bed?

It's strange you will not speak to me.  
Can it be that you are less than cavalier?  
Ill-mannered? Base?

Tell me, sir, have I been blind?  
I strain to see your face and find  
The back end of the charger.

I am deceived! A foolish lass.  
Call me Titania, enchanted.  
This is how my wish is granted:  
I have been enamored of an ass.

\* Used with permission

**7. The Night Has a Thousand Eyes — Francis William Bourdillon**

The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of a bright world dies  
With the dying sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

**8. Shadow, Sins, and Nocturnes (“The Dream”) — Louise Bogan**

O God, in the dream the terrible horse began  
to paw at the air, and make for me with his blows.  
Fear kept for thirty-five years poured through his mane,  
And retribution equally old, or nearly, breathed through his nose.

Coward complete, I lay and wept on the ground  
When some strong creature appeared, and leapt for the rein.  
Another woman, as I lay half in a swoond,  
Leapt in the air, and clutched at the leather and chain.

Give him, she said, something of yours as a charm.  
Throw him, she said, some poor thing you alone claim.  
No, no, I cried, he hates me; he’s out for harm,  
And whether I yield or not, it is all the same.

But, like a lion in a legend, when I flung the glove  
Pulled from my sweating, my cold right hand,  
The terrible beast, that no one may understand,  
Came to my side, and put down his head in love.

Poem from “The Dream” from *THE BLUE ESTUARIES* by Louise Bogan. Copyright © 1968 by Louise Bogan. Copyright renewed 1996 by Ruth Limmer. Used by arrangement with Farrar, Straus and Giroux, LLC. All rights reserved.

**9. I entered where I knew not  
[Translation by Byron Stayskal]**

I.  
I entered where I knew not  
Remained there knowing nothing  
all knowledge far transcending

I knew not where I entered  
but there I saw myself  
without knowing where I was  
great things I comprehended  
what I perceived I say not  
but I became not knowing  
all knowledge far transcending

II.  
Of peace and piety  
that knowledge was perfected  
in deepest solitude  
I grasped the path of right  
a thing so deep, so secret  
that I was left there stammering  
all knowledge far transcending.

V.  
As higher I ascended  
so much less I knew myself.  
What an overshadowing cloud  
was shining in that night!  
and so whoever knows this  
forever is not knowing  
all knowledge far transcending

***Entréme donde no supe*  
—St. John of the Cross**

*Entréme donde no supe,  
y quedéme no sabiendo,  
toda sciencia trascendiendo.*

*Yo no supe dónde entraba,  
pero cuando allí me vi  
sin saver dónde me estaba  
grandes cosas entendí  
no diré lo que sentí  
que me quedé no sabiendo  
toda sciencia trascendiendo.*

*De paz y de piedad  
era la sciencia perfecta,  
en profunda soledad  
tendida vía recta  
a cosa tan secreta  
e me quedé balbuciendo  
Toda sciencia trascendiendo.*

*Cuanto más alto se sube  
tanto menos se entendía  
que es la tenebrosa nube  
que a la noche esclarecía  
por eso quien la sabía  
queda siempre no sabiendo,  
toda sciencia trascendiendo*

## 10. Life Is a Dream

[Translation by Byron Stayskal] **Pedro Calderón de la Barca**

The truth! the truth! so let me now  
restrain this bestial state of mind  
this raging madness and desire  
so I no more will have to dream.  
but yes, I know I'll dream again  
since we indwell a world so strange  
that life itself is only dreaming.

For all I've learned and felt has taught  
that every man who lives is dreaming  
all that he is until he wakes.

A Dream! the king who thinks he's king  
who lives deceived as though he ruled,  
ordering and governing his realm  
and all the praise that he receives  
is borrowed; he writes it in the wind  
and he himself is turned to dust  
by death—a wretched end.  
Why then would any wish to reign  
who comes to this: compelled to wake  
at last amid this dream of death.

A Dream! the rich man in his riches  
that offer him so many cares  
A Dream! the poor man as he suffers  
in all his misery and want.  
A Dream! the one who gains success  
A Dream! the one who aspires and flatters  
A Dream! the one who rejects and offends.  
And this, the conclusion for all the world!:  
that all are dreaming what they are  
though no one, no one understands.

I myself, I'm dreaming that I'm here  
loaded with these chains, but once  
I dreamt that in another state  
more flattering I saw myself.  
What is this life? Insanity!  
What is this life? a conjuring trick,  
a shadow, an invented tale;  
and so the greatest good is slight,  
for all of life is but a dream,  
and dreams themselves are only dreams.

## *La Vida Es Sueño (2148-2187)*

*Es verdad; pues reprimamos  
esta fiera condición,  
esta furia, esta ambición,  
por sí alguna vez soñamos.  
Y sí haremos, pues estamos  
en mundo tan singular  
que el vivir sólo es soñar,*

*y la experiencia me enseñã  
que el hombre que vive sueña  
lo que es hasta despertar.*

*Sueña el rey que es rey, y vive  
con este engaño mandando,  
disponiendo y gobernando;  
y este aplauso, que recibe  
prestado, en el viento escribe,  
y en cenizas le convierte  
la muerte--!desdicha fuerte!□:  
ique hay quien intente reinar,  
viendo que ha de despertar  
en el sueño de la muerte!*

*Sueña el rico en su riqueza,  
que más cuidados le ofrece;  
sueña el pobre que padece  
su miseria y su pobreza;  
sueña el que a medrar empieza,  
sueña el que afana y pretende,  
sueña el que agravia y ofende,  
y en el mundo, en conclusión,  
todos sueñan lo que son,  
aunque ninguno lo entiende.*

*Yo sueño que estoy aquí  
destas prisiones cargado,  
y soñé que en otro estado  
más lisonjero me vi.  
¿Qué es la vida? Un frenesí.  
¿Qué es la vida? Una ilusión,  
una sombra, una ficción;  
y el mayor bien es pequeño,  
que toda la vida es sueño,  
y los sueños sueños son.*

*Used with permission of Byron Stayskal.*

## 10. “O Mistress Mine” from *Twelfth Night* — William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

Mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low:  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies not plenty;  
Then, come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

## 11. *The Sea Is Awash with Roses* — Kenneth Patchen

The sea is awash with roses O they blow  
Upon the land

The still hills fill with their scent  
O the hills flow on their sweetness  
As on God's hand

O love, it is so little we know of pleasure  
Pleasure that lasts as the snow

But the sea is awash with roses O they blow  
Upon the land

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## 12. *By the Waters*

*By the Waters* is a setting of Psalm 137 in the King James Version of the English Bible. Composed for SSAATBB chorus or seven solo voices, this setting brings musical representation to the meaning and drama inherent in the text. Polyphonic lines depict the flow of the rivers, cascading sequences illustrate the razing of Jerusalem, and shifts in harmony portray the tears and sorrow of displacement. The piece transits, almost imperceptibly, through tertian, quartal, and symmetrical harmonies, alternating polyphonic and homophonic sections and solo highlights. Typical of Boyce's vocal music, the rhythm and meter change to give natural expression to the text. The use of seven voices permits the “orchestration” of the texture and resonance with changing doublings and subtle shifts of color as the piece progresses.

### 13. The Sea Is Awash with Roses — Kenneth Patchen

The Sea Is Awash with Roses is a setting of the poem by Kenneth Patchen for women's chorus. It combines new and old musical techniques that reflect the fleeting nature of our lives and passions in the timelessness of the sea. The work is set as a close canon. Commissioned by Patrice Madur for the Oberlin Women's Chorus.

### 14. Noche oscura — San Juan de la Cruz

#### Noche oscura

San Juan de la Cruz

En una noche oscura  
con ansias en amores inflamada,  
(¡Oh dichosa ventura!)  
salí sin ser notada  
estando ya mi casa sosegada.

A oscuras y segura,  
por las secretas escalas disfrazada,  
(¡Oh dichosa ventura!)  
a oscuras y en celada,  
estando ya mi casa sosegada.

En la noche dichosa,  
en secreto, que nadie me veía  
ni yo miraba cosa,  
sin otra luz ni guía  
sino la que en el Corazón ardía.

Aquesta me guiaba  
más cierto de la luz del mediodía  
adonde me esperaba  
quien yo bien me sabía  
en parte donde nadie parecía.

¡Oh noche que guiaste!,  
¡Oh noche amable más que el alborada!  
¡Oh noche que juntaste  
amado con amada,  
amada en el amado transformada!

#### Dark Night

English translation by Josep M. Sobrer

One dark night,  
afire with the stirring of love  
(Oh blissful encounter!)  
I left unnoticed  
when at last my house was quiet.

In the dark, steadily,  
down the secret stairs, in disguise  
(Oh blissful encounter!)  
in the dark, in secret  
when my house was quiet.

On that blissful night,  
secretly, seen by no one,  
looking at nothing,  
with no other light or guide  
than that which burned in my heart.

This light guided me  
more certainly than the brightness of noon  
to the place where I was awaited  
by the one I knew so well  
and where no one else appeared.

O night that guided me!  
O night more loving than the dawn!  
O night that brought together  
lover and beloved,  
beloved transformed in the lover!

**15. “Kosmos” From *Leaves of Grass* (pub.1900)**

**Walt Whitman (1819–1892)**

**Viola Solo, Keyboard, SATB Chorus**

Who includes diversity, and is Nature,  
Who is the amplitude of the earth,  
and the coarseness and sexuality of the earth,  
and the great charity of the earth, and the equilibrium also,  
Who has not look'd forth from the windows, the eyes, for nothing, or whose  
    brain held audience with messengers for nothing;  
Who contains believers and disbelievers —  
Who is the most majestic lover;  
Who holds duly his or her triune proportion of realism, spiritualism, and of the aesthetic,  
    or intellectual,

Who, having consider'd the Body, finds all its organs and parts good;  
Who, out of the theory of the earth, and of his or her body, understands by  
    subtle analogies all other theories,  
The theory of a city, a poem, and of the large politics of These States;  
Who believes not only in our globe, with its sun and moon, but in other  
    globes, with their suns and moons;  
Who, constructing the house of himself or herself, not for a day, but for all time,  
    sees races, eras, dates, generations,  
The past, the future, dwelling there, like space, inseparable together.

Written for Indiana University Chancellor's Professor of Music Jan Harrington, the work was premiered by Carmen Helena Téllez at a concert in honor of his retirement and long service to music in 2007.